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MONDAY, JULY 25, 1910.

THE SMITHFIELD HAM.
Eight days ago, moved and instigated by the threatened desecration of the dearest object of our insides, we indulged in certain observations of a more or less pertinent sort, touching the subject of hams. A newspaper story, as to the bona fides of which we have not inquired, represented Congressman Maynard, of the grand old Commonwealth of Virginia, standing guard against the advance of a forehanded trader as—

"Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

It was reported that a Richmond man, name and description not given and present whereabouts unknown, was trying to patent the name "Smithfield Ham" as a trademark. We meant to commend Maynard for his patriotic purpose, but protested, in a way, that he could not rest his case, as reported, on the plea that the secret of curing the Smithfield Ham was communicated to the early settlers of Virginia by the Indians. We made bold to advance this doubt on the theory that there were no hogs in Virginia when the earliest of our early settlers got here. We asked for information, we demanded particulars, we insisted upon specifications. How was it possible for the Indians to teach the early settlers how to cure hams when it was the early settlers themselves who brought the hogs here? No man, or woman either, in Richmond has any right to the name "Smithfield Ham" as a trademark. All the hams that are sold in Richmond are not Smithfield Hams. Ham that is served in high-class restaurants in New York as "Smithfield Ham" is really no more like Smithfield Ham than chalk is like cheese or butterine is like butter, or the "South Carolina Jockey Club Madeira" on the wine card of a famous hostelry is like the genuine South Carolina Jockey Club Madeira of the age when gentlemen ran their horses on the Washington Race Course for the sport there was in it, and not for the benefit of the book-makers.

"In working out a pure intent," however, we have been misjudged, and we fear that in protesting against the idle story that the Indians taught our early settlers anything about curing hams, they did not already know when they reached the more or less hospitable shores, we have subjected Maynard to undeserved suspicion. On the main proposition that no Richmond man should be permitted to patent the name "Smithfield Ham" as a trademark, Maynard is right; on the claim, if he have made any such claim, which we doubt, that the early settlers got the secret by curing the Smithfield Ham from the Indians, he is wrong. We should explain, possibly, that our suggestion that "the first hogs brought to America" came with the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower was meant in a derivative and not a specific sense. We must also be permitted to say that the Due West Ham, which was never made for sale, but only for consumption on rare occasions, and in wholly inadequate portions, was as nearly like the Smithfield Ham as the Smithfield Ham is like itself. We wish to recall any reference we have made to the Mecklenburg Ham, which was introduced in our statement upon this subject merely as ballast, so to say, and that it belongs to the realm of mythical things along with other historical inaccuracies of that region.

We cannot thank ourselves too much, however, for "A Smithfield Ham Romance," as it has brought to us the delightful letter of Mr. R. S. Thomas, of Smithfield, Virginia, printed to-day. A gentleman and scholar, a maker of hams, a judge of good liquor, and withal of infinite jest and merriment, he has illuminated the subject of the Smithfield Ham as never before. It is, indeed, "par excellence" the Ham of the World. Its superiority to any, and all others is due to the breed of the hogs, the food they eat, the forests they roam, the life they lead, the age at which they are killed, the conditions under which they are fattened, and the art and science with which the hams are cured." It would not be recognized in Chicago, and the packers of Kansas City could not understand it. It has contributed more to the happiness of the human race than any condiment chef ever concocted; it has added artistic finish to more dinners of state than any other invention of man; it has fed the hungry, comforted the distressed, alleviated the suffering and helped the wayfarer on his journey rejoicing—the first of its kind, the Glory of the Smoke-House and the Kitchen, the Unapproached and Unapproachable Smithfield Ham!

We do not believe that the early settlers got the secret of curing hams from the Indians, because we do not believe there were any hogs in this country until after the early settlers came. Desiring exact information upon this important point, we asked the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States, when hogs were first introduced here, and

have a letter from G. Arthur Bell, Senior Animal Husbandman of the Department, regretting that he is unable to give any authentic information, but quoting as follows from three different books on the subject of hogs:

(1) "Swine were probably introduced from Spain into Hispaniola by Columbus in 1492; into Florida, by De Soto, in 1538; into Nova Scotia and Newfoundland in 1603; and Canada in 1608; and into Virginia in 1609." (From "A Treatise on the Hog," by James A. Ransom, published in 1870.)

(2) "The original of the swine in the United States were brought from various countries in Europe by the early settlers, but more especially from Britain." (From "Study of Breeds," by Thomas Shaw.)

(3) "Throughout the whole of this quarter of the globe, swine appear to abound. They are not, however, indigenous, but were doubtless originally carried thither by the early English settlers, and the breed thus introduced still may be distinguished by the traces they retain of their parent stock." (From "The Hog," by William Youatt and N. C. L. Martin, published in 1855.)

This would seem to justify our suspicion that the Indians could not have taught the early settlers how to cure hams. The art is our own. It belongs to Virginia, as the Smithfield Ham belongs to Virginia. All other Smithfield Hams are spurious. The Smithfield Ham is its own trademark.

ROANOKE'S BLOW AT THE FEE SYSTEM.
The Finance Committee of the city of Roanoke on Friday night decided to recommend to the Council a reduction in the fees of the City Tax Collector amounting to one-fourth of one percent. This was in response to the demand of the citizens that there should be a reduction in the compensation received by that officer. The action of the committee strikes directly at the fee system, under which so many abuses have grown up all over the State. The City Council will show great wisdom in upholding the committee's action, as it will doubtless do. The fee system is doomed to go, soon or late, and sentiment against it is increasing daily. What has been done in Roanoke will be done in other places, and we look confidently to the day when the fee system in this State will have been abolished in its entirety, and a salary system substituted in its stead. The fee system is undemocratic and uneconomical, and it must go.

REACHING FOR "THE NECK."
A correspondent, who confesses that he was "born in King and Queen county fifty-one years ago," and hopes that "everybody has forgotten it," protests that we have "put out foot in it" by including "such counties as King and Queen, Essex and even poor old King Billy" (the same being a familiar way of describing King William) in the Northern Neck country. He avers that "King George, Westmoreland, Richmond, Northumberland and Lancaster comprise the Northern Neck," and predicts that they will set up a howl at the inclusion of the other three counties named. Says our correspondent in the part of his letter which we have not already quoted in this article: "In my humble judgment, your editorial (concerning the Neck) is not only fine. They are crisp, rare and racy, at the same time displaying an accurate knowledge of every place, everybody, of all current literature, books and histories, ancient and modern; and now it is a pity you should come out on the first few lines of the first column of your editorial page this (Saturday) morning and display such dense ignorance as to the county locations of our own State."

We plead guilty to the charge of ignorance and throw ourselves on the mercy of so much of the "Northern Neck" as does not care to associate with the rest. It must be remembered, however, that, like the body, the neck is not one member, but many, and that the sternocleidomastoid cannot say to the trapezius, I have no need of thee, nor again the trapezius to the platysma myoides, I have no need of you. It is clear, therefore, that, whatever the social and artificial distinctions that have been made, the Northern Neck is yet but one body. At least that is the way it was represented to us, and we wash our hands of any intentional offense either to the counties that are really of the Northern Neck or those that are for any reason we do not understand unattached ligaments, so to say, of one of the richest regions in the great Commonwealth of Virginia.

We hope, therefore, that our friend, Mr. W. B. Sutton, who was born in King and Queen fifty-one years ago, will inform all and singular of his own people in King and Queen and all of his acquaintances in the real Neck country that our main wish just now is to encourage the building of a railroad that will place the Northern Neck, with all of its outlying muscles, in close connection every day with Richmond, the head of the State. It is now Neck and nothing; what we want is Neck and everything else that will promote the prosperity of this town and the welfare of the State.

THE QUESTION OF VACATIONS.
Mr. Taft is not a fulfillment of the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." His father, a very distinguished man in his day, and a hard-working lawyer, thought that "two weeks was ample vacation time during the entire year, and when I came to the bar he suggested that if I stayed at home during the summer months I would make a good deal more money than if I went away." It was a good deal harder to make money in Judge Alphonso Taft's day than it is now, and, besides, he never had the advantages his son possesses, who now suggests in the most nonchalant way "two or three months' vacation, after the hard and nervous strain to which one is subjected during the autumn and spring, are necessary in order to enable one to continue his work the next year with that energy and effectiveness which it ought to have."

It must be said that Mr. Taft has made a liberal allowance, but we wish he had said whether it should be two months or three months, whether a

man should rest one-fourth of his time or only one-sixth, and whether or not he would be willing to compel such remedial legislation as will secure to the generality of mankind a full year's pay for nine or ten months' work. He could carry the country on this issue. There are millions of men who esteem themselves quite fortunate if they "get their Sundays off." The case of Justice Strong, who insisted on taking sixty days vacation the year, meant, in the course of his professional life, a dead loss of at least ten years. It may have kept him alive longer, but it did not appear to have greatly improved his work.

It is a lucky thing for Mr. Taft that he quit the newspaper business when he was young, although we think that a year or so in a newspaper office would bring down his weight faster than golf or barbeques or railroad journeys. Besides, in his present place, all the time is vacation time.

DEMOCRACY AND THE INCOME TAX.
Georgia's ratification of the income tax amendment to the Constitution of the United States has been justified by some on the ground that the last platform of the Democratic party included an "income tax plank." The Norfolk Landmark ably refutes such an argument, proving clearly that the amendment is now in such form as to demand its repudiation by all Democratic States. It says:

"This amendment is not in Democratic shape. Its submission by the party which has never been in favor of it is in question in the first place. It should never be accepted by a Democratic State while it contains the Joker inserted by Mr. Aldrich's Senate committee. Under that 'Joker' clause, if it means what it says, the Federal Government can tax the income from State and city bonds. The ability to see and keep out of Republican traps is one of the first essentials of successful Democracy, and the one in which, of late years, it has been most lacking."

When the Democratic party inserted the income tax plank in its platform, it had no specifically worded amendment in mind. The amendment proposed now was not in existence when that plank was written. There never has been a Democratic convention, and we hope there never will be one, that would approve in its platform the amendment as it is now worded.

The danger in the amendment as it now stands is clear. The clause "from whatever source derived" would permit the taxation of the income from State and city bonds; and such a power as that in the hands of the Federal Government would give it the right to cripple and make subordinate the States.

Had this amendment been presented to a Democratic convention for its approval, it would never have gone into the platform. There would have been too many Democrats who had learned that great principle of constitutional law laid down by Chief Justice Marshall: "The power to tax is the power to destroy." There would have been those who would have perceived the danger to States' rights and who would have remembered what Thomas Jefferson said in his first inaugural address, "I deem as an essential principle of our government the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-Republican tendencies."

THE PROFESSIONAL SOUTHERNER.
Harris Dickson, of Mississippi, has drawn a true picture in Everybody's Magazine of "the professional Southerner," a type more familiar to Southern men living in the North than to those at home. New York is full of such men, Boston has some, and there are other cities where you can meet these theatrical patriots. Judge Dickson has this to say about the type:

"With such indefinable standards of quality, of course there are many counterfeits (of Southern gentlemen). A most amusing imitation is one that often passes for the typical Southerner in New York. This satchel-mouthed braggart infests the cafes and demands attention by abusing the waiter for offending his delicate sense of honor. 'I hate a nigger, suh,' he loudly proclaims—which is a sentiment that he never hears from those to the manner born. He haunts the theatres and parades the streets, since it is poor fun to practice his gentility in private."

"This kind of fellow has gained his entire knowledge of the world by going on a summer excursion to Baltimore. In a beer garden he heard the band play 'Dixie.' The crowd applauded, and somebody put the idea into his head that Southern gentlemen were 'the real thing.' Upon his return to New York he set up in business as a professional Southerner—and became prevalent. He wears a wide black hat, mounts the table and yells whenever the band plays a Southern melody. Such a pretentious caricature would be harmless enough, but for the ridiculous he brings upon the South. Unfortunately, popular authors seem to accept him at face value, and exploit him in novels or plays where a 'Southerner' is a necessary part of the stage machinery."

There are genuine Southern gentlemen in New York, to be sure—thousands of them. Their manners are not spectacular; they do not proclaim themselves so as to be heard from the Battery to the Bronx. Many have lived in the city so long that their localism has been lost. They pass quietly in the crowd."

All of which is true. There are many people who might be brought to bar upon this indictment. Some who have not been so far South as New Jersey discover that they may attract attention by assuming to be Southerners, and they begin to imagine that they are Southerners, and they play the game for all it is worth. Many a man who stands at the bar with the man who is paying for the drinks sighs eloquently for "a slug of that old North Carolina corn liquor, suh," when the truth is that one teaspoonful of it would burn his acquired accent out of his tongue.

Then, too, there are a lot of people who have visited in the South, or lived there a short time, or who live in

States that border on the South, who join the ranks of these professional Southerners. An illustrative of the last class, the story is told that one night at a club dinner in a famous Northern university a speech was being delivered by the retiring president, who was about to graduate. The president was thoroughly "full," and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he declared: "This parting is so sad. I am going back to my far-away Southern home, and I may never be here again." A South Carolinian happened to be present, unfamiliar with the facts about the speaker, and asked "Cincinnati" was the reply.

The trouble is, just as Judge Dickson says, that many people look on these counterfeits as representative Southerners. About the only way a Southerner in the North betrays himself is by his voice. There is a wide chasm between the two types; as Champ Clark would say, it is about as wide as "the interval of time between David and Lazarus."

KEEP UP THE FIGHT.
General perusal of the press of the Commonwealth reveals the fact that a number of papers are continuing the agitation for good roads. They are putting the case well; they are citing facts and figures, and we say to them, "Keep it up!" Some of the papers are not mentioning this excellent reform, and we urge upon them the duty and the necessity to keep on talking about good roads. In many parts of the Old Dominion good thoroughfares have been built and some are in process of construction, and they are giving satisfaction and proving to the people that they have made a splendid investment.

We note with approval what the Fredericksburg Daily Star has to say about the necessity that the press of the State should keep on hammering and preaching:

"There does not seem to be the same disposition among Virginia newspapers to press the good roads question to the front as existed a year or so ago. It is a pity that this is so, because the State is in the midst of its reconstruction, and they are giving satisfaction and proving to the people that they have made a splendid investment."

"Not infrequently do we think of the practice followed by the late Rev. Dr. Herbert H. Haves, a true son of old Virginia and pastor of our Second Presbyterian Church, on whose north wall is a tablet bearing the dates 1855 to 1891, by which he at the general service every Sunday invoked the divine blessing on the doctors, the 'medicine men' who go about among the people doing good. He prayed that they might make no mistakes writing prescriptions and that the drugs and the pharmacist might be right in their dealing out to the people the necessary remedies for curing their ills. Dr. Haves was a preacher more like other men than the general run—he smoked cigars, drank whisky and generally enjoyed life with the boys."

Doubtless, too, he was an excellent "fisher of men."

The Chase City Progress is for Swanson, saying that all it has "against him is that he has been a machine politician." It says:

"Some of the papers are discussing Governor Mann and the Senatorial vacancy. We do not think there is any more doubt about this than water seeking its level. Governor Swanson is the logical candidate of the majority, and he is fairly entitled to the Senatorship. Swanson made a good Congressman, and he made equally as good a Governor, and this experience ought to be valuable to him as a Senator. All that we have against him is that he has been a machine politician. He has capacity, and if he can divest himself of this odor and influence and rise to the level of the Daniel or Vance and stand out in the front of which all Virginia will be proud. We see no need of delay, or of hesitancy, if there be any. Let Mr. Swanson have the appointment, Governor. We hope he will take the high ideals of the Old South and with these rise to be a great Senator."

That is statesmanlike advice, anyway.

"The State is as intimately acquainted with Dr. Woodrow Wilson and his work as with any public man of national importance." Doubtless; but why did it call him "Woodward?" It explains, as we supposed it would, that "Woodward" was, of course, a typographical error. Blamed it on the printer, of course, when it may have been either lack of information on the part of the writer, or illegible penmanship, or both.

Speaking of the demoralization of the pulpit, the Jewish Record says: "We would gladly welcome to our pulpits more men such as Rev. David M. Ramsay, who drove the entering wedge when he declared in no uncertain terms against the 'Yellow Pulpit.'"

Robert Lodge had his picture "look" at Beverly last week standing along side Mr. Taft, not right close up to him. It is true, but a little off to the right, with his ears apparently in the attitude of listening for a voice down Oyster Bay way. Just the same, the photograph is a masterpiece.

Keep your eye on the penitentiary, friends and fellow citizen. It is now under excellent management, and should be kept there.

Likewise, consider, gentlemen of the jury, the evil habit of making a family matter of public places. When Senators and Congressmen prefer their relatives for the little jobs at their disposal, we are accustomed to denounce the policy as indicating a swinish tendency on their part. We ought to be very careful about these things nearer home.

Referring to the active campaign of the Scribners to place the accounts of the shambles in Africa in every American home, the New Haven Register expresses the fear that the country is more interested in what he did several months ago. We have great faith, however, in the recuperating powers of the people, and they are prone to forget.

The latest form of marriage announcement is: "I have taken marriage." A Birmingham man has just received such an announcement from the Filipino wife of a relative who recently wedded in Manila.

The Charlotte Observer adds two names to its Hall of Fame: Hoke Smith and Fuller Wynn. The New York Sun already has those illustrious names on its "Hall of Fame."

One of the ex-Confederates in Chase City tells the Chase City Progress about his impression of the Fourth of July celebration there, and shows that he now marches under the banner of peace. He says:

"There was a time when many whose heads are crowned with glory did not take much stock in the old flag, and engaged in the biggest fight that the world has ever known, to supplant the emblem with the Stars and Bars; but after a few years' struggle the dream, the hopes, fears and conflicts all went under the crimson cloud at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. The vision of an independent government vanished like a dream. What if it did? Why, we old 'Confeds' just picked up the fragments of what was left of us after the scrap, and started business at once under the old flag; for 'stars' and 'bars' were not celebrated. Hurrah for the Star-Spangled Banner. I lift my hat, and therefore uncover my brow, to old glory."

This utterance makes a good companion to that of the Petersburg veteran who suggested to Massachusetts that it place upon its monument to its soldiers at Petersburg the figure of Peace, extending the olive branch.

The Augusta County Argus drops into a reminiscent mood this week, when it refers to a former Presbyterian pastor who lived there:

"Not infrequently do we think of the practice followed by the late Rev. Dr. Herbert H. Haves, a true son of old Virginia and pastor of our Second Presbyterian Church, on whose north wall is a tablet bearing the dates 1855 to 1891, by which he at the general service every Sunday invoked the divine blessing on the doctors, the 'medicine men' who go about among the people doing good. He prayed that they might make no mistakes writing prescriptions and that the drugs and the pharmacist might be right in their dealing out to the people the necessary remedies for curing their ills. Dr. Haves was a preacher more like other men than the general run—he smoked cigars, drank whisky and generally enjoyed life with the boys."

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Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

State Income Tax Laws.
What States have income tax clauses in their Constitutions? California, Kentucky, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and Virginia.

"Burking."
What is "burking"? A method of murder; from a man named Burke, who killed his victims by suffocation and sold the bodies, unmarked by violence, to surgeons for dissection.

Dorr's Rebellion.
What was "Dorr's Rebellion"? From 1838 the people of Rhode Island lived under a charter from Charles II, according to which only those owning a certain amount of property could vote. In 1841 the desire to change this provision gave rise to two parties.

Burr Trial.
What was the date of the trial of Aaron Burr in Richmond? September 1 until September 9, 1807.

BEGINS CAREER AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL

BY LA MARQUESE DE FORTENOT.
Lord Gladstone has inaugurated his career as Governor-General of the new Union of South Africa in an unfortunate fashion. People in that part of the world are extremely democratic, especially the Boers, and the edict which has gone forth in the Governor-General's name, to the effect that on all official occasions women must curtsy to Lady Gladstone, just as if she were a royal personage, has excited mingled offense and ridicule. The wives of the members of the new Cabinet (of which General Buller is a member) and the wives of the Boer commanders of the Boers in their last war with England, (a member) have shown by their particularly stiff and upright carriage what appeared before Lady Gladstone that they have not the slightest intention of according to her the homage that they would willingly accord to Queen Mary, to Queen Alexandra or to some princess of their house, and as it was especially on the Dutch element that the curtsy was insisted upon, it is not surprising that the anti-Boer element in South Africa, his domestic reproach can only be considered as unfortunate.

Lord Gladstone was eliminated from the Cabinet in England, owing to his failure as Secretary of State for the Home Department, where he made one mistake after another, running counter to the policy of his predecessor, and most of his mistakes being attributable to a complete lack of tact. Ministers who become impossible are usually eliminated for their lack of tact. Lord Gladstone, who was a member of the House of Lords, to which they are said to be "kicked upstairs." When the minister happens to hear a famous name, and his domestic reputation is feared, he is further propelled by the gift of an important colonial governorship, and Canada, for example, would have been a good Governor-General Lord Gladstone, who did so much for her development, had he not made himself so absolutely disagreeable. All that is left of him is that he has been a machine politician. He has capacity, and if he can divest himself of this odor and influence and rise to the level of the Daniel or Vance and stand out in the front of which all Virginia will be proud. We see no need of delay, or of hesitancy, if there be any. Let Mr. Swanson have the appointment, Governor. We hope he will take the high ideals of the Old South and with these rise to be a great Senator."

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are almost saluts. To the latter category belongs Sir David Hunter Blair, a barefooted monk of the Order of St. Benedict, who after spending a number of years laboring in the swamps and jungles of the Amazon River, to convert the natives to Christianity, has now returned to Europe, perfectly blind, in the faint hope that some miracle may be accomplished towards the restoring of his eyesight by the world-famous oculist, Professor Paggenstecher, at Wiesbaden.

The Hunter Blair family made its fortunes in the eighteenth century, when its members were the Kings' Printers for Scotland and partners of the Forbeses, of Milliglo, in the Edinburgh banking business of that name, as well known to the readers of Boswell's "Johnson" and of "John Bull's" "Sir Walter Scott." Sir David is the fifth baronet of his line, received his education at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, served in the army with the rank of captain of one of the Highland regiments, and was a chamberlain to King George IV, and of King William IV, but on the death of his wife (of whom curiously enough no mention is made in any of the standard works of reference), he, with the permission of King William IV, became a Benedictine monk, and on his father's death in 1828, turned monk, the family estates, including the castle of Blair, in Perthshire, Ayrshire, to his younger brother, Captain Edward Hunter Blair, of the royal household, and of his sisters in the wife of the Earl of Glasgow.

Let me add that Sir David has also done missionary work in Patagonia, and was for a time rector of the Abbey School at Exeter, in Devonshire. I am aware he is the only monk who belongs to any clubs, having retained his membership of the Caledonian, in Edinburgh, and of the Conservative, in London.

King George's lord high almoner, the Very Rev. John Henry Robinson, Dean of Westminster, having proclaimed from the pulpit of his ancient abbey his disbelief in the story of the miraculous cure of the blind man of Jericho, that celebrated quadruped of the approach of loquacity, one of the most learned canons of the abbey, the Rev. H. C. Beeching, D. D., has now followed suit by insisting from the same pulpit that Balaam himself was guileless of the disobedience which he committed, for he had no choice, in fact, he has come forward in Westminster Abbey, with all the authority of his office, as an apologist for Balaam, and has declared that Balaam's search and the revision of the Scriptures have made it clear that "the story reflecting discredit upon Balaam's fidelity as a prophet, and centuries after his death, an invention probably of the priestly revisers of the Hexateuch. The latter is built up of contemporary records, that is to say, the records of the prophets, and also the prophets, several of whom, notably Micah, speak with warm commendation of Balaam."

Balaam's reputation has suffered severely through his having been held up for more than twenty centuries throughout the Christian and Jewish world as an example of disobedience which it is only fair that he should be vindicated, even at this late day. In the first year of the reign of George V, by one of his spiritual advisers, in the midst of what was his coronation is to take place next June. (Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)

Voice of the People

Communications must not contain more than 800 words. Letters exceeding this limit will be returned. No anonymous communications will be accepted. A stamped envelope, with the writer's address, must accompany every communication.

Anderson for Senatorship.
To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir,—From the tenor of some writers in the press, one would think the nomination of Senator Anderson had already been made and that there is nothing needed now but the Governor's signature to confirm the nomination. I do not doubt that signs of the times, and feel free to suggest a name, the peer of any who have yet been brought forward—the Hon. William A. Anderson, ex-Attorney-General of Virginia. If we wish to perpetuate the memory and pay a tribute to the valued services of the lamented Daniel, why not nominate as Senator one who, like him, began his public service for the State in the perils of war, and like him, near in his "fame limb" an undying memorial of his devotion to his country, and like him, has used his giant intellect, now in the vigor and prime of life, in the service of the State and now represents the old type of statesmanship so rare among our public men?

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